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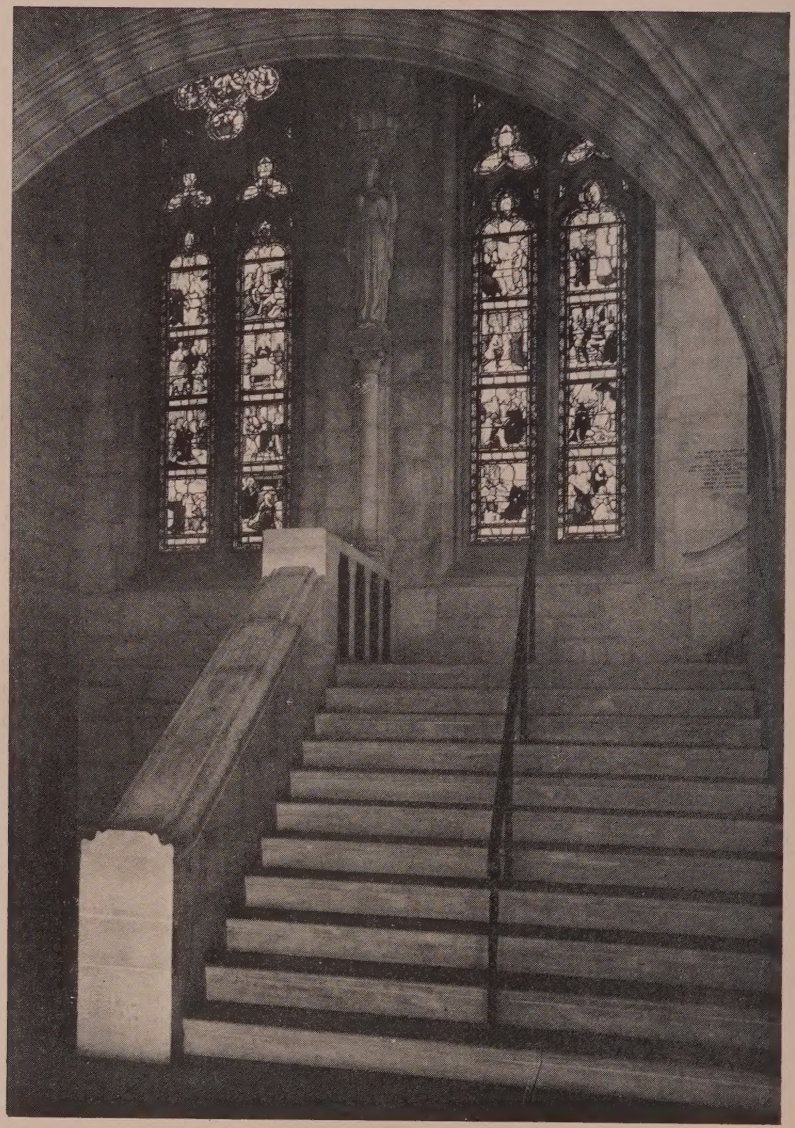

THE FLEMISH STAINED GLASS WINDOWS IN THE NARTHEX

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Volume 6 JULY, 1932 *Number 9*

A Religious Faith for a Discouraging Year

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THIS is a discouraging year and it would be strange indeed if many were not keenly feeling it. The economic depression overshadows everything. China and Japan are presenting a spectacle of chaos on one side and aggression on the other that is wrecking our peace system in the Pacific. The most important disarmament conference in the world's history is being played to the accompaniment of bursting bombs. Western gains for personal freedom achieved under democracy are largely surrendered in Russia under Stalin, who would say what Lenin said, that democracy is "a mere bourgeois superstition," and in Italy under Mussolini who frankly gloats over what he calls "the more or less putrescent corpse" of the Goddess of Liberty. Even the liberal-minded prime minister of Great Britain can find no better way of handling India than by forcible repression, putting Gandhi in jail and making him fourfold more appealing as a martyr. In this land our leadership is confused. Nobody seems to know which way to turn. Our cities are openly in the hands of mercenary politicians who rob us right and left with the most ingenious systems of graft ever devised. As for our individual lives, even if we are not hard hit ourselves we all have friends who are, whom we desperately and often vainly try to help.

Now, discouragement is bad business for life in general and religion in particular. The quickest path out of religious faith is by way of discouragement.

During this last generation under the stress of the new science, which has presented intellectual problems to us in every realm, we have been arguing about religion as though people mainly either argued themselves into it or out of it, whereas the fact is that most people who lose their religious faith are not argued but disheartened out of it.

The book in the Bible which comes nearest to our modern atheism is the book of Ecclesiastes. There as a beast dieth so dieth a man and any God there is has no interest or care for anything beneath the sun. The state of mind represented in such skepticism was not reached by argument. The author of that book looked out on his generation rather in discouragement and summed up his feeling about it in his oft repeated refrain, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." From that day to this the major areas of irreligion have been populated not by skeptical argument but by practical disheartenment. It ought to be worth our while, then, this morning to think together about the kind of religious faith fitted for a discouraging year.

Recall, for one thing, the ancient Hebrew psalm:

> "A thousand years in thy sight
> Are but as yesterday when it is past,
> And as a watch in the night."

The very sound of it is cooling and steadying. It is the religion of a long look. We need that now. The assailants of religion who are continually telling us that faith is a psychological escape from life have this much truth on their side that some of us again and again have escaped from the tyrannical immediacy of many problems into

a great horizon where our difficulties found perspective and proportion and we found courage in consequence to go out and grapple with them again.

"Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come."

Indeed, quite apart from religion, a long look does tend to temper one's dismay about the present. At the time, so the story runs, when the Teapot Dome affairs were boiling over and recriminations were flying thick and furious, a visitor in the presidential office of the White House said to Mr. Coolidge that a president certainly did have his troubles. "See that shore over there?" said Mr. Coolidge, pointing through the window to Virginia. And then, after a characteristic Coolidge silence he said, "A President once sat in this chair and saw the flag of rebellion raised over there. I haven't got any troubles."

To be sure, it does not by itself get us out of our difficulties simply to discover that other generations have had worse, but it ought to shame us out of our disheartenment. There is Washington himself, for example, a few blocks north where 161st Street runs, writing from headquarters to a friend: "If I were to wish the bitterest curse to an enemy on this side of the grave, I should put him in my stead with my feelings." He wasn't simply in a discouraging but in an apparently hopeless place. Indeed, the most worth while consequences in history have been wrought out of just such chaotic and heartbreaking times.

When Dr. Carder was reading the Scripture lesson about the dismayed Elijah going to Horeb, I had a vivid picture of the scene, for I have been there, and after eight hours on a camel have lain down to rest beneath one of those scrawny juniper bushes under which Elijah, depressed by the paganism of his generation, lay and wanted to die. But if we, with the wider horizons, the longer look given by history, were to go back and talk to him, what a fresh perspective we could give him! Seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal or kissed him—that was not half the story. Lo, we could say, you are in a great tradition. After you and in part because of you will come Amos, Hosea, Micah, Jeremiah, Isaiah, the greatest succession of ethical teachers in the ancient world, and then, suckled on their teaching, The Teacher, who, if he be lifted up, will draw all men unto him. Go on thy way.

You see, a long look does tend to mitigate dismay about the present. It may be that some of us here are discouraged this morning—about the moral and religious situation on our college campuses. Yes indeed! Listen to this:

At ———— University the few students who possess religion stand, as it were, alone; to attempt to stem the torrent of vice and immorality there would be considered a freakish innovation.

So, you think, it may be even worse than you have supposed. My friend, the fact is that the phrases that I have just read were written in 1828. Or listen to this book review:

"Under the head of Juvenile Delinquencies we see the lamentable extent of dishonesty, fraud, and other wickedness among boys and even young children.

" 'There are, probably, 70,000 persons in the metropolis who regularly live by theft and fraud . . . and their offspring, as a matter of course, follow the example of their parents. . . . This is the chief source of juvenile delinquents, who are also augmented by children abandoned by the profligate among the working classes . . . and by a few wayward spirits from reputable families. . . . Many of them belong to organized gangs of depredators, and are in the regular employ and training of older thieves. . . .

" 'It is a most extraordinary fact, that half the number of persons convicted of crime have not attained the age of discretion.' "

Yes, indeed, it is bad. But, my friends, that was written in 1829. To be sure, facts like this do not get us out of our

troubles, but they do indicate that one of the major sources of our disheartenment is near-sightedness. We need distance-glasses. And a high religion has always served men that way.

Remember the saying of Ralph Waldo Emerson that "the lesson of life is . . . to believe what the years and the centuries say, against the hours." How important that is—to believe what the years and the centuries say, against the hours!

At one time Martin Luther received an anxious letter from his friend Spalatin, to which he answered, "Good Heavens! Spalatin, how excited you are! More than I or anyone else. I wrote you before not to assume that this affair was begun or is carried on by your judgment or mine or that of any man. If it is of God, it will be completed contrary to, outside of, above and below, your or my understanding." Aye, he was believing what the years and the centuries said against the hours.

The hours have often said that a social cause was whipped, but the centuries! The hours have often said that Christianity was as good as dead, but the centuries! The hours said that Roman tyranny would last forever, that religious liberty would never come, that slavery would not be stopped, that the American Republic could not be founded, just as they are saying now that war is inevitable and recurrent depressions will curse the people, but the centuries!

I do not mean this as a mere optimistic gospel of inevitable progress. God does let his children wreck their boats. Whole civilizations can collapse and be beaten like hulks on the shores of history. If we make fools of ourselves in this Western world, that will happen to us. Nevertheless, watch the centuries, swinging up a long, slow spiral, coming back to old problems but on a higher level, learning even from severest losses, seeing the bonfires, dampened by appalling loads of barbarism thrown on them, blaze up the better, until a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past.

In this trying time we do need that religion of a long look. Deeper yet, however, we need the religion of a creative faith. Note—not a passive faith that credulously believes and is weakly resigned, but a creative faith. A passive faith merely endures a discouraging time; a creative faith capitalizes it. That is the crux of the whole matter now. We never adequately deal with a disturbing situation when we merely are not discouraged by it. We deal adequately with a disturbing situation only when we learn something from it, get some new insight out of it, and emerge better and wiser than we went into it.

The other day, on one of our college campuses, a young man came to see me for counsel in his trouble. He had displayed poor sportsmanship. He was under condemnation by the judicial board of his own fellow students. He had to tell his family about it, take his punishment, and, as so often happens to young people facing their first dismaying experiences, he thought the bottom was out of everything. Now, merely to tell him not to be discouraged would get nowhere. The fact was that in that experience the young man was facing one of the major chances of his life. There were being presented to him in raised type truths which, though he were blind, he still could read—the serious meanings of good sportsmanship, the law-abiding nature of this world, where we reap what we sow, the truth now terribly vivid in his consciousness that in spite of all his bluffing he did care deeply what his family and friends thought of him. Discouraging? That is not half the truth in such a situation. It was fairly crying out to be capitalized. And I suspect that in the end it will turn out to be one of the most valuable incidents in that young man's career.

What, then, shall we say about this present situation in the Western world? Well, first, that we deserve what we are getting, just as that young man did. Look what we have been doing the last years since the war! As though it were not enough to have

fought the most destructive conflict in history, we in the Western world have gone on loading nations with unpayable debts, rearing tariff walls against the very foreign trade on which our mutual welfare rests, insisting on a narrow nationalism in a generation when all our major interests are international, clinging in this country to old business policies such as are represented in the Sherman Anti-Trust Laws—that is to say, a small, competitive individualism—when I suspect that only large-scale cooperative planning in industry, under the government's oversight, as Mr. Swope has been suggesting, can save industry at all. The first thing for society to see is that it deserves what it is getting. There ought to be some straight talking on that subject such as Lincoln gave to his generation when, facing the terrific consequences of the slave system in the Civil War, he said, "If God wills that it continue until . . . every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether'."

If we thus recognize that society as a whole deserves what society as a whole is getting, we may well turn our minds then to learn something from it.

For example, that whether any civilization survives or not depends on what happens in it to the common man—not mainly to the privileged, the rich, the learned, the élite, but to the common man.

Said Lord Asquith of Great Britain, "The test of every civilization is the point below which the weakest and most unfortunate are allowed to fall." Oh, America, founded by common men for the common man, keep your eye clearly on what is happening to him here! What was the matter in Russia before the Bolsheviki? It was not well with the common man. And so, despite armies and navies and secret police and Siberia, the glittering hollowness of the Romanoffs collapsed.

What was the matter in France before the French Revolution? Half the land in France, owned by government, court, and church, went practically untaxed while the poor half, worked by peasants, serfs, and commoners, supported the splendor of the privileged, and it was not well with the common man.

See, my friends, we have still in this country a profoundly loyal people. Millions of them are unemployed, cramped in the simplest opportunities for their children. Many of them are turning to public charity with a sense of humiliation that nobody can understand until he has to do it. Some of them are on the threshold of starvation, yet they are profoundly loyal. I wonder how many other nations there are on earth where so many common people could suffer what they are suffering here and keep so steady. Nevertheless, be not deceived. It is not well with the common man. Even before the crash it was not well with millions. The prodigious wealth of this country had been segregated in too small areas with millions of people living too far below a decent maintenance.

Consider this. The danger to the security of our nation does not come from without. You cannot guard against the real danger to our country's security by armies and navies. The danger is that we may drift carelessly back into the old ways, no provision made in industry for reserve funds against unemployment, no provision made for large-scale social planning in industry fitting production to demand, no provision made for a fairer distribution of the fruits of industry so that the common man may have a fairer chance. That is the real peril to our national security.

Who is it that is writing things like this: "Capitalism is on trial, and on the issue of this trial may depend the whole future of Western civilization"? That is the dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard University stating an obvious truth, and at the heart of that truth, a profoundly religious matter if

Jesus is the norm of religion, that it must be well for the common man.

I suppose that this challenge to a creative faith comes particularly to you men and women in responsible positions in the business world. The radicals are denouncing you. I think that is nonsense. You are human like all the rest of us, carrying terrific burdens and puzzled, as everybody else is, about the way out, and many of you are doing everything you can think of in this confused situation to make it well for the common man. I know one corporation in this country now doing about twenty-five per cent of its former business, keeping on its payrolls on full or part time eighty-six per cent of its old working force, and, in addition, in welfare work in the communities where its factories are, spending this last year alone seventeen million dollars. I suspect that it is things like that that have kept this nation as steady as it has been under the strain. Nevertheless, in the realm where you live a responsibility rests for the reformation of our economic processes on which may well depend the future of Western civilization. And the heart of it is that it must be well with the common man.

So long ago Elijah, dismayed about his generation, went to the Mount of God at Horeb and, communing with the still, small voice, learned something and came back again, not simply undisturbed but with a creative faith that laid hold on that situation and shook it with prodigious effect. Remember that it was after Elijah's disheartenment that Ahab robbed Naboth of his vineyard and Jezebel, the queen, put Naboth to death, and Elijah, the prophet, broke like thunder on the scene with his magnificent defense of that common man. The echo of that defense has never died. Amos carried it on, Hosea continued it, Jeremiah and Isaiah elevated it. It was carried by Jesus to unparalleled ascendancy. What could not we do in this country with a creative faith like that in the possibility of a humane society!

Once more, in a day like this, we need interior resources of spiritual power. When the tempests come roots are wanted. When the drought arrives springs are needed. Alas for those people who in trying times like these have lost the profound secrets of personal religion and cannot pray. I beg of you, do not associate magical and unintelligent meanings with that word "prayer." Prayer has as many different meanings as the word "love," from the lowest to the highest. The word "prayer" sweeps as wide a gamut as the word "God," which can mean almost anything, from a barbarian's magnified man to the Deity of Spinoza, that "God-intoxicated" philosopher. Indeed, the way one prays depends upon one's idea of God. If God is thought of as a king we pray to him so. We flatter him, petition him, palaver before him, or, it may be, feeling our unworthiness to enter the presence of so great a majesty, we approach him by way of saints or the Virgin Mary, as men approach a monarch through courtiers who have access to him. If we think of God as a magician we pray to him so, trying to wangle out of him gifts the law-abiding conditions for getting which we have not fulfilled, as though a man by prayer could get knowledge of mathematics without study, or unsnarl problems when he is living a snarled life. If we think of God as a far-off individual, we pray to him so, exploding ourselves toward him, telling him in detail all we need as though he did not know, or urging him to be good as though he were not good. Small wonder that millions of modern Christians have stopped praying! How could they pray to a monarch God or a magician God or a far-off, individual God?

But what if we should think of God in another way altogether?

"Thou Life within my life, than self more near,
Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear,
From all illusive shows of sense I flee,
To find my center and my rest in thee."

If here, where the great saints have always

met God, we should meet him too, a Presence in whom we live and who lives in us, prayer would have a kindred meaning. Then it would mean receptivity, responsiveness, open-heartedness to the Divine. Then it would mean keeping still until the sediment settles, being quiet until the cream rises. Then it would mean opening the doors and windows of one's life to the air and light. Then it would mean going with Elijah to the Mount of God and listening to the still, small voice. Then it would mean being strengthened with might by God's spirit in the inner man.

Some of the most pathetic personal failures I deal with come because people do not understand that. You see, there are two technics in life—one, energy, strenuousness, blowing on your hands and putting your back into it, and the other, receptivity, responsiveness. I said that the other day to a young college woman and her first instinctive response was, "But that second technic sounds weak!" Weak? All our power comes from it. We do not get physical power mainly by the expenditure of energy. We take it in, breathe it, eat it, absorb it from the sunlight, assimilate it, appropriate it. Our physical power comes from the second technic. We do not get our mental power and richness mainly by the expenditure of energy. We appreciatively expose ourselves to some truth or beauty, it may be in a book, and are enriched. You remember Emily Dickinson's lines:

"He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!"

Aye, in body and mind power comes from the second technic.

O you who, in these trying times having to live, would live well, that first technic is not enough. Spiritual resource comes from the still, small voice, in deep mid-silence open-doored to God.

This, then, is the conclusion of the matter. Multitudes of people discouraged about other things are discouraged about religion. I am not. If I identified my religion with a special creed or a special church I would be, but never about religion itself. Mankind cannot live without it—the long look of the divine Purpose, the creative faith to build a divine society, and the spiritual resources that spring deep from fellowship with God.

PRAYER

Eternal God, our Father, we would look this day unto the hills whence our help cometh. In days gone by Thou hast nourished our fathers' souls out of the secret place so that in times of stress and strain, having done all, they could stand. O God of our fathers, be the God of their succeeding race. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on February 28, 1932.

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

ETERNAL God, out of the world and the strife of tongues we come once more into this quiet place to worship Thee. Thanks be unto Thee for all things that are silent and tranquil, deep and true. Meet with us here in the inner place of our spirits and refresh us with Thy living Presence.

For the beauty of nature, for great books and music, for the companionship of friends and the loveliness of home, and for those deeper hours and loftier moods when we see clearly and think truly, thanks be unto Thee, O God. Give us such an hour this day. Clarify our insight. Lo, with what busy activity we undertake the tasks of life, and yet so often miss the mark because our eyes are wrong. Clarify our vision that we may see aright.

Smooth the irritations of our spirits. We grow vexed with little things, hot and ill-tempered over small exasperations! Great God, set us in the wide horizons of Eternity. May a thousand years be in our sight also like yesterday when it is past, and in quietness and reverence and wide perspectives may we grow serene.

Deepen our resources. Forgive us that we use such thin powers with which to carry heavy burdens when Thy strength is at our disposal. Dig deep wells in the hearts of Thy people this day.

With many unspoken needs this congregation opens its heart before Thy boundless grace. For some of us are young and some are old, some are proud and some humiliated, some are successful and some have failed. According to the depth and variety of our need be Thou with us today and speak to us some word of power, of faith, that fear may flee from us and strength may come.

Even as thus we pray for our inner lives, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt gird us for the life without. In this day of need and chaos give us strength to stand our ground and not be afraid. We beseech Thee for our city, throned here so nobly upon its rock beside the sea, with opportunities that should make us proud and humble. Forgive us our shame. Gird us with public-mindedness that we with new dedication may rear here a nobler town, more fit for honest men to dwell in.

We pray Thee for our nation. Grant that in this day of our need we may learn truths that shall make the days ahead better. Save us from drifting back into old and selfish ways. Teach us the causes that have brought disaster, and past all superficial thinking lead us to character and unselfishness.

We beseech Thee for the peace of the world. See how our hearts are anxious and our minds troubled. O God, give wisdom to those that take counsel for peace and beat back the spirit of conflict. Let not the dreams that Thy people have dreamed of a better brotherhood of nations fail now in violence. These and all other things, beyond our speaking, for which in this hour of aspiration we lift our hearts grant us, O God.

We pray in the spirit of Christ. Amen.

The Flemish Stained Glass Windows in The Riverside Church

THE stained glass that is installed in the east wall of the Narthex just above the staircase was brought up from the Park Avenue Baptist Church when the congregation moved to the new building on Riverside Drive. This glass had been in the chancel of the old church where it was placed when that building was opened for worship in 1922. The glass dates from the first half of the sixteenth century, the painting being more finished and of softer treatment than that of the previous century; the perspective more accurate—with less Gothic feeling in the architecture and more Renaissance detail in the ornament, yet with no trace of the enamel colors which came into use toward the end of the previous century.

In all probability this glass came originally from that part of Flanders lying between Bruges and Antwerp, the drawing, painting, and the colored glass—notably the purples and brownish pinks—all suggesting North Flemish work rather than glass from the South or West of Flanders.

The fact that all the panels are exactly the same size; that although painted by various hands, the figures are of one scale; that they all illustrate scenes from the Life of Our Lord (and therefore comprise a series—no subject being duplicated in that series); also that they were all acquired at the same time by an ancestor of Sir Thomas Neave (about 1800), is evidence that the panels came from the same church, the church being probably threatened or actual-

1. Miracle. The Raising of Lazarus.

Our Lord, in a purple robe, accompanied by Mary, St. Peter and St. Thomas, who wears a red cloak. Lazarus is being assisted from the grave by a man richly dressed in pink tunic, ermine cape and green hose. Behind him stand Martha and two others. St. Peter is untying the cords with which Lazarus is bound. In the background are the walls of a Gothic Church. The text, *"He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth."* (John XI v. 43).

2. Miracle. The Raising of Jairus' Daughter (11).

Our Lord, in a purple robe, stands in the bedchamber with right hand raised in benediction. Kneeling in the foreground is Jairus, wearing a white and yellow tunic. In front of him a Gothic oak table on which is a candlestick and fruit. His daughter, draped in white, is sitting up in the bed. In the background are St. John and St. James, the latter with a red robe, holding a yellow staff. The text, *"Talitha cumi, which is being interpreted, Damsel, I say unto you arise."* (Mark V, v. 41).

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ly dismantled during the French Revolution.

From 1809 until 1922 the panels were carefully stored away at the ancestral home of Sir Thomas Neave, Dagnam Park, England, together with the small panels, medallions and fragments now in the Tracery, some of the latter being of the latter part of the sixteenth century.

The inscriptions beneath the panels are painted on old glass.

Stained glass from several churches in Flanders, France and Germany was fortunately saved from total destruction during the period of the French Revolution, generally by the efforts of antiquaries and English collectors, and between the years 1790 and 1809, windows were removed into England, where they were erected in the various churches and cathedrals selected by their donors.

Flemish stained glass was presented to St. George's, Hanover Square, London; the Cathedrals of York, Ely and Lichfield; the Chapels of Rugby School and Wadham College, Oxford; and to Churches at Ashtead, Bradford-on-Avon, Bury St. Edmunds, Cholmondeley, Dagnam, Manchester, Prittlewell, Strelley, Wilton and Worsley.

Stained glass from France, some of which was saved by the Antiquary LeNoir, who had influence with the new Government, was erected in the Churches of Coleshill, Rickmansworth (now lent to the South Kensington Museum) Rivenhall, Southwell Minster, Tottenham and Wilton; whilst windows from Germany were given to the Churches of Lembourne, Stoke Poges and Shrewsbury.

Much, however, of the fine stained glass in Flanders was utterly lost. It is recorded that the large western window by Jean Ofhuys at the Chapel of St. Sang, Bruges, was "totally destroyed" in 1797, and Renier Flemalle's window at Liege Cathedral was "destroyed by the bullets of the French soldiery" in July, 1794.

The windows at the Riverside Church are fortunately in a fine state of preservation, one medallion only (No. 21) being badly damaged.

It has been suggested that eight of the subject panels (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 12, 13) are the work of Derreck Vellert and his pupil, but there is no signature or mark on the glass to prove this. It is, however, obvious that they were painted by one artist (helped, probably, by an assistant) whilst the remainder of the series of sixteen may be grouped thus: Nos. 6, 11, 14 and 16 by another glasspainter; Nos. 7 and 8 by a third and No. 5 by a fourth.

It is notable in the series that the robe worn by Our Lord is with one exception shown purple before His Crucifixion and red after His Resurrection.

The following inscription carved in stone just to the south of the windows appropriately identifies the memorial character the glass has come to have in its setting here in The Riverside Church:

In Devoted Memory Of
Jennie C. H. Marston
1864-1923
These Windows Are Given By
Her Husband, Edgar L. Marston
And Her Children
Hunter S. Marston
Edgar J. Marston
Jennie F. M. Burgard

In the following description of the stained glass, each panel and tracery opening has a number corresponding to the number shown on the diagram.

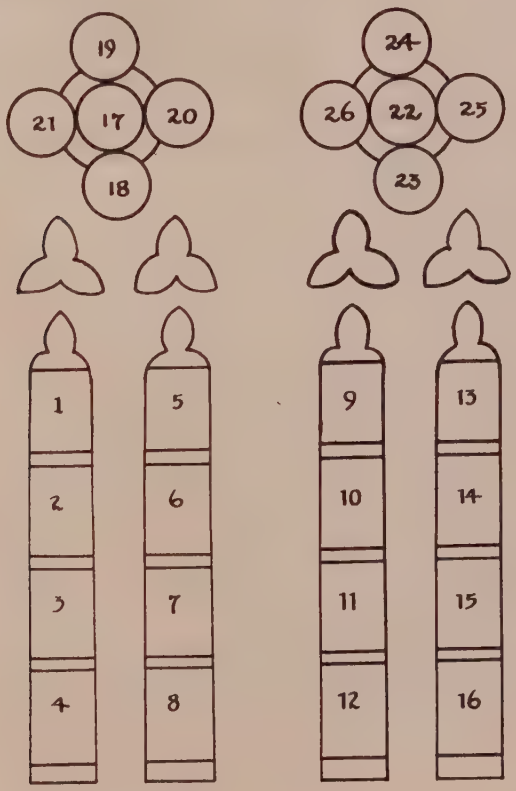

DIAGRAM OF WINDOWS

3. *Miracle. The Raising of Jairus' Daughter (1).*

Our Lord, wearing a robe of red purple, stands at the entrance to the house; in the vaulted porch is a man, dressed in a blue tunic with pink slashed sleeves, his right hand raised in welcome. Another looks over his shoulder. On the left St. Peter, St. James, in a red robe, and two other disciples, one of whom is bearded, the other probably St. John. The text, *"And when He was come to the house He suffered no man to go in."* (Luke VIII, v. 51).

4. *Miracle. Healing the Man with a Withered Hand.*

Our Lord, in a robe of blue purple, His right hand in the attitude of benediction; the man, wearing a pink garment, holding out his left arm, his staff lying on the ground, kneels before Him. Left: two disciples, probably St. John and St. Peter. In the background, five of the Pharisees. The text, *"And behold, there was a man which had his hand withered."* (Matt. XII, v. 10).

5. Incident in the Life of Our Lord. The Arrival at the Tomb.

The sepulchre painted in brown and yellow. In the foreground Mary Magdalen, in a brown pink robe with white sleeves, cap and scarf, kneels at the tomb. Her vase is on the ground. Left: Mary, the mother of James, and Salome, each bearing their vases; the latter points towards the empty tomb. The Angel, red winged, clothed in a white garment, sits on the gray tombstone. The text, *"He is risen. He is not here; behold the place where they laid Him."* (Mark XVI, v. 6).

6. Incident in the Life of Our Lord. The Supper at Emmaus.

Our Lord, seated at the center of the table, wearing a purple robe, breaks the bread. On either side a bearded disciple, one in green with a yellow hood; the other in a ruby tunic and white mantle. The table is laid for a meal; the cut glass drinking vessel and the types of Flemish architecture appearing through the windows, should be noted. The text, *"As He sat at meat with them, He took bread and blessed it."* (Luke XXIV, v. 30). Designed by Albert Durer.

7. Incident in the Life of Our Lord. The Incredulity of St. Thomas.

Our Lord stands in the center, wearing a red robe, holding in His left hand the banner of the Resurrection, charged with the cross. St. Thomas in green tunic and white mantle, stretches out his right hand towards His wounded side. Surrounding them, nine of the disciples dressed in white, blue and pink garments; one, wearing a head dress, probably Joseph of Arimathaea. The text, *"Reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side."* (John XX, v. 27).

8. Incident in the Life of Our Lord. He Appears to His Mother.

Our Lord, in a red robe, approaches His Mother, who is seated in her bed chamber. She wears a blue robe and white mantle. Her halo is of rich golden yellow. In the background, a bed with red brown coverlet, dark brown tapestry and green rolled curtains and canopy. The floor is tiled in white and yellow. The text, *"Return Thou unto me, Thy mother, and tarry Thou not, but come."* (Legend of St. Ambrose).

9. Parable of the Wedding Garment.

Our Lord, wearing a robe of blue purple, is seated; standing facing Him the man, barefooted, wearing a brown pink mantle and holding his cap in his right hand. Three of the wedding guests, one in a green garment, the others in white and yellow, are already seated at the table over which hangs a canopy of golden tapestry with a red fringe. The text, *"Friend, how camest thou hither, not having a wedding garment?"* (Matt. XXII, v. 12).

10. Parable of the Tribute Money.

Our Lord wears a robe of red purple; facing Him a man dressed in a white and yellow tunic and green hose who, with bended knee, holds out the penny. Behind him a group of Pharisees, in brown, pink and red garments, one of whom points scornfully at Our Lord. Right: Three disciples in white—probably St. Peter, St. John and St. Matthew. The text, *"Render therefore unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's."* (Matt. XXII, v. 21).

11. Incident in the Life of Our Lord. He Approaches Jerusalem.

Our Lord, facing left, seated on a green bank, wearing a robe of red purple; in His right hand a handkerchief. Behind Him St. John and another disciple in white. Seated at His feet, St. Peter, wearing a red robe and a white and yellow mantle. A finely painted landscape of Jerusalem in the background. The text, *"And when He was come near, He beheld the city and wept over it."* (Luke XIX, v. 41).

12. Incident in the Life of Our Lord. He Is Persecuted.

Our Lord wears a rich blue purple robe and is accompanied by one disciple only, St. Peter, in a red and green cloak. Left: A group of six men, one in blue, the others in white and yellow garments, picking up stones from a basket, to cast at Him. In the background the entrance to the synagogue; over the door a sculptured figure of Moses holding the tablets of the Law. The text, *"Then took they up stones to cast at Him."* (John VIII, v. 59).

13. Incident in the Life of Our Lord. He Teaches in the Temple.

Our Lord, wearing a robe of purple blue; behind Him, St. John, in red with a white mantle. Facing Him a ruler in the Synagogue, dressed in a richly embroidered tunic, red under-robe and a mitre. He is accompanied by another, wearing an ermine cape with a blue robe and white mantle. The text, *"Ye both know Me and ye know whence I am."* (John VII, v. 28).

14. Incident in the Life of Our Lord. He Is Brought Before Herod.

Extreme left, Our Lord, in a purple mantle and white under-robe, standing between two soldiers, one of whom wears a white tunic, red trunk hose and pink cap. On the right a priest, dressed in blue with white mantle and red cap, his fingers crossed in derision. At His feet a cripple, with brown pink sleeves and green cape, holding a short crutchlike stick. In the middle background, Herod, in a white and brown robe, stands on the upper steps. The text, *"And the chief priests and scribes stood and vehemently accused Him."* (Luke XXIII, v. 10). Designed by Albert Durer.

15. Incident in the Life of Our Lord. He Is Brought Before Caiaphas.

Our Lord, in a dark purple robe and bound at the wrists and neck with cords, stands surrounded by soldiers, the foremost wearing a white tunic with brown pink sleeves. An officer, in red and white, who holds the end of the cord, is about to smite Him with his mailed right hand. Caiaphas, wearing white and yellow robes, is seated on a golden throne. The text, *"If I have spoken evil, bear witness. But if well, why smitest thou me?"* (John XVIII, v. 23). Designed by Albert Durer.

16. Incident in the Life of Our Lord. He Goes Forth to Calvary.

Our Lord, wearing a purple robe, staggers beneath the weight of the Cross which Simon the Cyrenian endeavors to support. Facing Him is Mary, a kneeling white robed figure, weeping. Her halo is of rich golden yellow. Pilate mounted on horseback (or upon a litter), in red robe and hood with white furred lining, holds the superscription rolled in his right hand. Left: St. John and St. Mary Magdalen. The text, *"And He, bearing His cross, went forth."* (John XIX, v. 17).

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Summer Days

During these summer days The Riverside Church is interested particularly in the new neighbors who have moved into our community for the six weeks of the Summer School session. Alert, dynamic, colorful young people from the four quarters of our country and from beyond our borders throng the class-rooms and lecture halls, stroll our streets, keep windows agleam far into the night, and do not forget the church in their busy schedules. We welcome them heartily to the City and its opportunities, whether they have any time for us or not. We are stimulated by them, challenged by them, and believe in them so thoroughly that any smallest thing we are able to do for them gives us great satisfaction.

When we think of what they are saving us from we are doubly grateful. But for them we might be reminded of the so-called days of crisis through which the country and the world are supposed to be passing. They are our escape. As a church we can't pack the family automobile and move into the country for these summer days. But we find abundant compensation in the presence of the students. They have trundled their thousands of cars with their alien license plates right into our front yard and have blotted out everything that might be even remotely depressing.